WILLARD PARKER BUTLER

Gc
929.2
B9788k
1830978

M. L

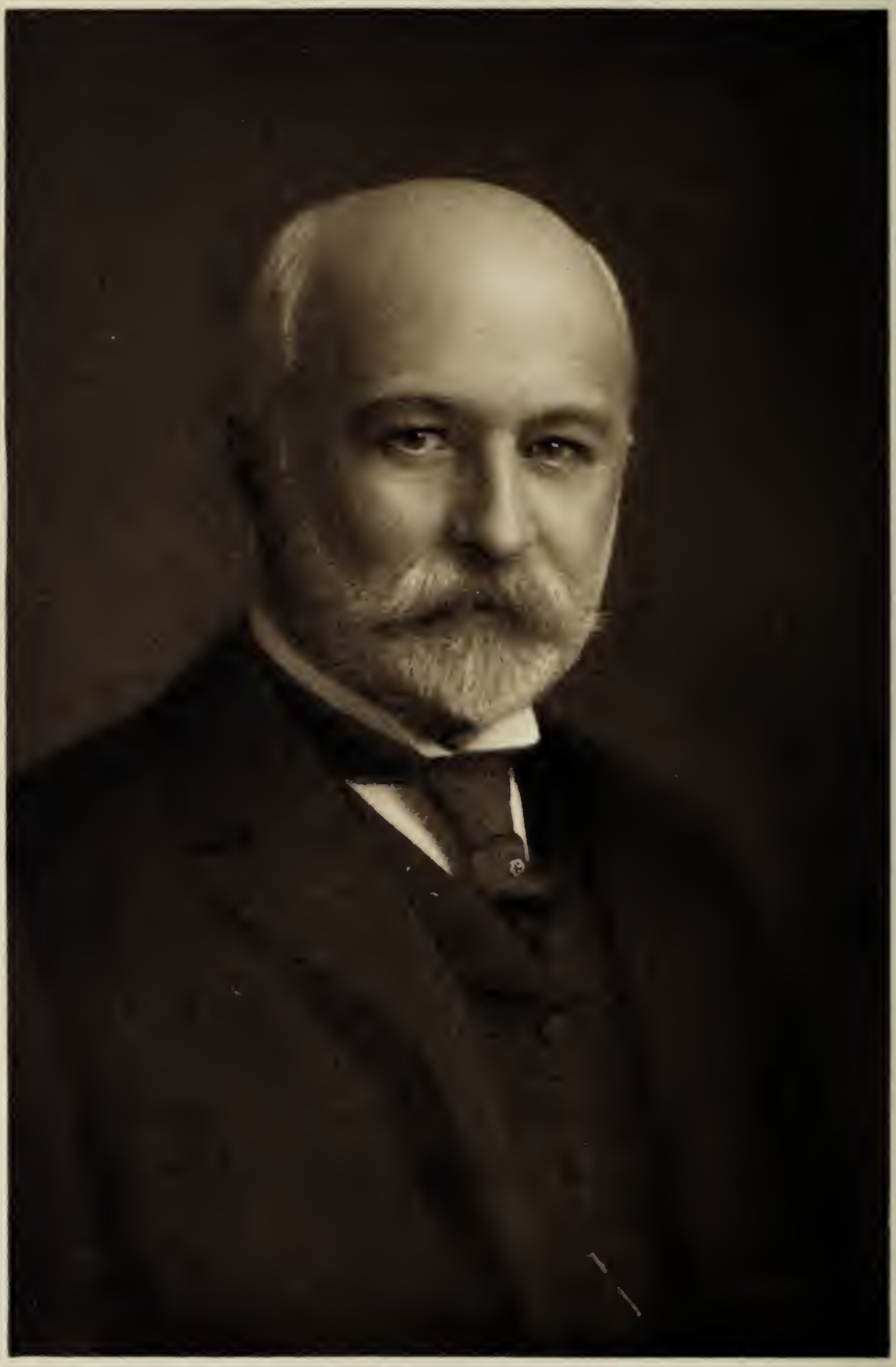
REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

amer. (Biog)

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

https://archive.org/details/willardparkerbut00unse

WILLARD PARKER BUTLER



WILLARD PARKER BUTLER

1857-1935

by
F. B. Kirkbride

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1936

~ From ~

OTTO C. WIERUM

FRANKLIN B. KIRKBRIDE

1830978

FOREWORD

NO written or spoken word will ever do full justice to Willard Butler. Yet the tributes to his memory are the expressions of lifelong friendships.

For those of us who had deep affection and great admiration for him and the joy of his companionship, recollection of his vibrant personality, his mordant wit and scintillating mind is a priceless possession.

His words, printed here, will serve to recall friendships, companionships, associations, which need no refreshing, but which may become more vivid as we re-read observations, penned with his tongue in his cheek, belied by a solicitude, affection and loyalty which in action disposed effectually of his most caustic comment.

F. B. K.
O. C. W.

New York
1936

T200-1:0.02607-12-11-74 Berkley

CONTENTS

o o o

		Page
Foreword		III
Memorial Service Address	*O. C. W.*	7
Bar Association Year Book	*Edwin T. Rice*	13
Century Association Year Book	*Alexander D. Noyes*	17
Letter to the New York Herald Tribune	*F. B. K.*	18
The Butler Book		21
The Ballad of Willard But-lar		22
A Profession of Faith		24
My Enchanted Youth	*W. P. B.*	25
Extract from letters to O. C. W.		50
Characteristic Comment by "W. P. B. (Exile)"		60

Think for yourselves and let others enjoy the privilege to do so too.

Attributed to VOLTAIRE

MEMORIAL ADDRESS[1]

TODAY is Willard Butler's birthday and our meeting is not to mourn his death but to collect some fragrant memories of Willard living before we follow him into the merciful shadows.

On his last visit he said to me with that engaging quizzical manner of his: "I've been reading the Memorials of some of my friends in the Bar Association's year book and wondering how it was that their greatness and their virtues escaped me." In what I shall try to say about my dear old friend I must bear that gentle irony of his in mind. I would not like to think that somewhere Willard's spirit is making friendly mockery of my poor attempt at justice to his memory. He was not always the ironist. Looking over the fifty or more letters of his which I have fortunately kept, I came across a sentence telling that he always travelled with a volume of Goethe and Matthew Arnold's Poems. How much in keeping it was that he should not join the modern hue and cry against Arnold as a mechanician of poetry. From Arnold's MEROPE I should like to take this description of one

> *Whose even-balanced soul,*
> *From first youth tested up to extreme old age,*
> *Business could not make dull, nor passion wild,*
> *Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.*

As I read over those letters I was struck with the fitness

[1] Delivered at the Memorial Service held at the Church of the Epiphany, New York, March 28, 1935.

of that characterization to the man we are remembering today. During his whole active life, he gave much – not all – of himself to business, but dull it surely never made him; full of whimsies and prejudices, I doubt if any ever saw him in a wild passion; and the range of his interests as disclosed in these unstudied personal letters, a range covering the literature of three languages, the politics of two continents, and the lives and characters and fortunes of a host of individuals – it is no great exaggeration to say of him that he saw life steadily and saw it whole. It speaks volumes that he never lost that gentlest art of letter-writing.

I must refrain as much as possible from expressing any merely personal reactions of my own and yet how can I forget that he was my friend for forty years and all that means of kindness, of hospitality, of sagacious judgments, of wise and witty comment. One episode in that history I must tell because it illustrates a point I want to emphasize. It was the very beginning of our acquaintance, a purely professional errand which brought me into my first contact with him. We were on opposite sides of a lawsuit of some importance for those days. He was the responsible counsel, already, though under forty, of high standing at the bar. I was a mere junior sent by my employer to arrange some detail of the litigation with our adversary. I have never forgotten the urbanity and the candor with which I was met. There was no fencing, no intimidating, no bluffing. I was received as one gentleman would receive an equal engaged in the common enterprise of seeking a

just and lawful answer to a common problem. I confess that my first reaction was to be ashamed of the expectations with which I had entered upon the business; my next was to leave all that behind and try to put myself on the same plane with this fine gentleman who scorned to treat the practice of his profession as a game of wits. It was a lesson in what a lawyer should be.

The fame of any lawyer is a temporary thing at best. The greatest names are forgotten in a generation. What lawyer of the passing generation has not had the experience of referring, in a company of his juniors, to men who in his younger days were leaders of the bar of the whole country, only to see on the faces of his hearers looks of blank incomprehension. And yet the ideals of the profession are built up by the lives and examples of the forgotten great. Willard Butler was outstanding among those contributors to the upbuilding and upholding of that great tradition. It is as much as can be said of any. Let it suffice.

But how much more than a mere lawyer he was. Had he been born an Englishman there is little doubt that he would have been in public life. England has a way of compelling those who can to serve her. One cannot imagine Willard Butler engaging in the kind of contest which we in this country exact as a condition to the entry upon a political or even a judicial career. But what a great judge he would have made – with his studious mind, his keen, quick apprehension, his orderly mental processes, his fine sense of honor and dignity. Alas that America so lightly values its best men.

Had diplomacy, in his younger years, been recognized in this country as the profession it now is gradually becoming, could there have been a more ideal representative of the United States at a European Court in 1914? A staunch American – how could he have been other, brought up in the tradition of his grandfather, the trusted adviser and Attorney-General of Andrew Jackson – a sturdy Democrat, but with the international outlook which his professional experience had developed, he was also one of the all too few at that time who kept their sanity and were able to understand Germany while not condoning her manifest offences. How valuable – and, alas, how lacking – was such an understanding in those trying years. To Butler it brought not a little of undeserved reproach and even suspicion from some who ought to have known better, all because he would not be swept off his feet by the waves of hysteria which affected most of us. He bore it all with dignity and equanimity and without perceptible bitterness.

Fate and the fine fastidiousness of his make-up kept him always to a relatively small circle of intimates. If this involved an apparent loss to the world, it was I think, in the long run, only apparent and to his friends what a gain. How rich and beautiful are the recollections of his genial hospitality, of his cultured, wise and witty talk, of his exquisite appreciation of the fine things in art and letters, of his pleasure in sharing with others the gifts which Fortune had given him so bountifully, of his sympathy in their troubles. Perhaps equally endearing were his prejudices. I

remember that for some time he would not go to one of his clubs because of the number of those he called his black beasts who frequented it. He changed his habit when he came to know them better, for in spirit he was like Charles Lamb who asked, "How can I hate a man if I know him?" The name of Lamb suggests that of Lamb's friend, Crabbe Robinson, the diarist of the early nineteenth century. In some ways Butler was not unlike "old Crabbe"; had the diary habit survived, what a diary he could have kept – far better, I am sure, than Crabbe Robinson – of the order rather of the prince of diarists, Horace Walpole. Like Walpole, Butler never bored, and to the end of his days his mind was open. He read the *New Republic*, although disagreeing with it, because he considered it the only American weekly which adequately gave the other side.

Let us open our Matthew Arnold once more:

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there – eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die
Perish: – and no one asks
Who or what they have been
More than he asks what waves
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

Not of these was Willard Parker Butler. True, he created no great work of art or letters; he founded no institution; he inspired no great movement; he led no forlorn hope. But in the long story of our race how evanescent are these achievements. Is it not rather in the multitude of those whose lives are spent in scattering kindly acts, suggesting kindly thoughts, pointing the way to ideals of conduct a little higher, that mankind has made its steady progress up from the brute? More than most of his generation has Willard Butler contributed to that progress from the store of gifts wherewith he was endowed. And for all that he was we loved him and shall so continue for the short remainder of our own day until for us too the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work like his is done.

O. C. W.

MEMORIAL OF WILLARD PARKER BUTLER[1]

WILLARD PARKER BUTLER, a member of this Association since 1885, died in Zurich, Switzerland, on January 10, 1935. He was born in New York City, on March 28, 1857, descended on both sides from New York forbears of high distinction, and during most of his active life he lived in this City.

His father was Benjamin F. Butler, a prominent New York banker. His mother, Ellen Grenville Parker, was a daughter of Dr. Willard Parker, a leader of the medical profession of New York City for half a century. His paternal grandfather was Benjamin F. Butler, who at the age of thirty-two was the ablest member of the commission appointed to make the first revision of the statute law of New York. Later he served as Attorney-General in Jackson's and Van Buren's cabinets; he was also for a time Secretary of War under both Jackson and Van Buren, and declined appointment to the cabinet of Polk. During his professional life in New York, he established the department of law in New York University and served on its law faculty for several years.

With such an ancestry, Willard Butler was foreordained to a professional life of distinction. In his boyhood

[1] Reprinted from the 1935 YEARBOOK of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York.

he attended the then famous Reid and Hoffmann School in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His academic life was devoted to science, for he was graduated from the Columbia School of Mines in 1878. He then went to the University of Berlin where he took post-graduate courses in metallurgy and kindred scientific subjects. He also then became enamored of Germany and German literature, a passion which endured throughout most of his life.

Returning to New York, he entered the Columbia Law School, graduating in 1883. His maturity at that time is indicated by the fact that he was employed during his law school days by the late John E. Parsons to collect evidence in Bohemia in a famous divorce case which was then pending in the New York courts. He was admitted to the bar in June, 1883, and his active practice began in offices adjoining those of the late Clarence Cary and Frederick W. Whitridge. As a natural consequence, he became in due course a member of the firm of Cary and Whitridge, established in 1883. Their offices were at 59 Wall Street, where they have ever since been maintained by that firm and its successors.

In 1905 the senior partners of Cary and Whitridge separated, and Willard Butler became a member of Whitridge, Butler and Rice, one of the successor firms. In January, 1921, the firm of Whitridge, Butler and Rice combined with the younger firm of Appleton, Perrin and Hoyt to form the copartnership of Appleton, Butler and Rice. After a few years, Willard Butler retired from active practice, and the firm then became the

present copartnership of Appleton, Rice and Perrin.

In these successive affiliations, Willard Butler completed more than forty years of professional activity. His work was as varied as that imposed upon our federal judges, and even included at one time patents and patent soliciting, especially in the field of metallurgy; he was also engaged in admiralty, corporation and banking law, and accepted many responsibilities in connection with the administration of estates. It was mainly an office practice, but his bound volumes of printed records and briefs contain many cases of interest and importance which he argued in the higher appellate courts.

During his middle and later years he suffered from chronic ill health and this made him something of a social recluse. The rigors of the New York climate and the dust-laden air of New York City had a deleterious effect on his throat. In order to escape these conditions, most of his holidays were spent abroad. After his retirement, his winters were passed mainly in Nice and his summers in Switzerland. Few Americans knew Switzerland or the Engadine so intimately and appreciatively as he.

Outside of his profession, his reading was unusually wide and varied. French and German books of all periods were in his library and at one time he was an ardent student of Dante. These tastes were reflected in his correspondence, which was uninterruptedly maintained with friends and relations in Europe and this country. His letters were a delight to all those who were so fortunate as to receive them and were filled with pungent and charac-

teristic comment on the contemporary scene. His faculty for friendship was perhaps his outstanding gift. He has left among his relations and friends memories of countless gracious acts and kindnesses. As he was unmarried, his life may be said to have been consecrated to the service of those of his family and friends who needed his help and encouragement. If a record could be made of all those quiet beneficences no better eulogy could be pronounced.

His clubs at the time of his death included the University Club and the Century Association, which he joined in 1885.

EDWIN T. RICE

MEMORIAL OF WILLARD PARKER BUTLER[1]

WILLARD PARKER BUTLER'S social and legal qualities came to him by right of inheritance. His paternal grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Butler, was Attorney-General in the cabinets of Jackson and Van Buren; his maternal grandfather was an old and eminent fellow-Centurion, Willard Parker. Butler, in addition to his legal acumen, was an assiduous collector in such varied fields as pottery, books, etchings and postage stamps. He was a generous host, an inspiring conversationalist, with ready reminiscence of travel, notable acquaintance and curious law experience, which invariably left the flavor of his talk to linger in the minds of his fortunate associates.

ALEXANDER D. NOYES

[1] Reprinted from the 1935 YEARBOOK of the Century Association.

IN MEMORIAM

WILLARD PARKER BUTLER

DIED JANUARY 10, 1935, AT ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

o

To the Editor
New York Herald Tribune:

Willard Parker Butler truckled to no man. A host of his friends are made poorer by his sudden death at Zurich, Switzerland, for a scintillating mind, a winning personality, a wise adviser and a loyal and fascinating companion has ended his earthly career – leaving behind him a cherished memory.

He came rightly by the talents he possessed. From an ancestry including his grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Butler, a member of the Albany Regency and Attorney-General in the cabinets of Presidents Jackson and Van Buren, and his maternal grandfather, Dr. Willard Parker, he inherited a mind that made him a sound, constructive and successful lawyer.

In the School of Mines at Columbia, in law school and during the years he spent in Germany, he laid a solid foundation for a distinguished career. It covered a wide variety of fields, admiralty cases, mining, patents, corporate affairs, estate practice and excursions, at the insistent behest of clients, into the divorce court and other branches of the law in which he secured brilliant results – in spite of distaste for some of the issues into which he was forced.

"Home, sweet home, with loved ones far away" was a

motto he repeated with a chuckle and a twinkle of the eye, while disproving it by an open-handed hospitality. It was a rare privilege to sit at his table and in his library where law, literature, etchings, pottery and a unique collection of postage stamps made a colorful setting and background for a personality replete with the finest intellectual attainments and a good fellowship and cheer which attracted and held lifelong friends and kept them under his spell.

Travel from his early days brought a variety of interests and friendships into his life. He was equally at home in England, on the Continent, on the Atlantic Ocean. A long line of Cunard captains and their fellow officers delighted to minister to his comfort, listen to his whimsical banter and share the hosptality of his home.

His loyalty to family was almost an obsession. He published a second edition of the BOOK OF THE FAMILY AND LINEAL DESCENDANTS OF MEDAD BUTLER, which his uncle, William Allen Butler, originally compiled in 1887, bringing the record down to 1915.

During the years he maintained a home at Morristown, New Jersey, he drove and walked through a wide extent of territory. More than one friend has shared these expeditions. Sometimes starting by railroad or carriage these walks led into out-of-the-way places and through interesting and but little frequented districts. A knapsack, a bottle of Rhinewine and a lunch by the wayside were features of these trips.

Mr. Butler's letters were a delight to his friends. His pungent and caustic wit, his comments on those he liked

and those he abhorred, were equally refreshing in their dramatic quality – whether one differed with him or not. His growl was more to be cherished than many another's all too meaningless smile. He knew his New York and prided himself on his Manhattan background, while poking fun at his successful "carpet-bagger" friends.

His library was as cosmopolitan as his mind. His years in Germany gave him a background for a language and literature he cherished equally with his mother tongue. He never hesitated to take and defend a position if he felt it right, nor did he hesitate to accept new evidence and to alter conclusions. At times he seemed almost too open minded in considering an adversary's case.

Whitridge, Butler and Rice was a firm name which was the object of a good-will that extended beyond the seas and held the respect and loyalty of a host of satisfied clients. If, as Frederick W. Whitridge used to declare, the Ten Commandments were only observed on Wall Street in his office – they hung above his desk in a large frame – it is certainly true there was no man in that distinguished group of members of the New York bar who was looked on with greater respect and affection by family, friends and clients than was Willard Parker Butler.

F. B. K.

New York
January 29, 1935

Announcement of the Second Edition of the BOOK OF THE FAMILY AND LINEAL DESCENDANTS OF MEDAD BUTLER

IN preparing this book, I have followed as nearly as I could the plan adopted by my uncle as well as the typographical appearance of the earlier book. In the original edition was placed a printed slip which read as follows:

> The record is brought down to Oct. 29, 1887, and is believed to be complete to that day, except as to two dates (page 28) which it has been impossible to obtain with accuracy. Additions can easily be made either on the blank spaces of the pages or by interleaving.
>
> W. A. B.

I have corrected one or two errors discovered in the original edition, particularly the delightful myth concerning the origin of Jonathan Butler, which as a result of the genealogical researches of my cousin, the late Miss Harriet Allen Butler, has unfortunately been exploded. I hope that the present edition is complete to October 29, 1915. It will not be my fault if it is not. My thanks are due to *nearly all* my adult relations for their kind cooperation, but particularly to my cousins, Mrs. William Windsor and Miss Elizabeth Patterson Harris, whose assistance has been a great help to me.

W. P. B.

New York City
December 21, 1915

THE BALLAD OF WILLARD BUT-LAR[1]

(WITH APOLOGIES TO SIR WALTER SCOTT)

O, Willard P. Butler's come out of his nest,
Of all the great lawyers his brain is the best;
And save his quick wit he weapons has none,
He rides all unarmed, and he rides all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in lawr
There never was lawyer like Willard Butlar.

He stops not for summons, and he stays not for plea,
The Court gives the verdict in spite of juree;
But — ere he alights at Fox Meadow gate,
Cousin Emily is weakening, the lawyer comes late;
For a real-estate agent, whom lawyers abhor,
Had hoodwinked the client of Willard But-lor.

So boldly he enter'd the Fox Meadow Hall,
Among herdsmen and gardners and chauffeurs and all;
Then up spoke Mathilda, her eyes on the door,
(For poor Cousin Emily just gazed at the floor),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in lawr,
Or to parcel our acres, young Willard But-lar?"

"I long eat your dinners, my advice you deride;
Love swells like the Bronx, but ebbs like its tide —
And now I am come with this Butler-book mine,
To leave but one copy, drink one cup of wine.
There are ladies in plenty, who richer by far,
Would gladly be aided by Willard But-lar."

[1] Recited by Haroldine Humphreys at a family gathering in honor of W. P. B. given by E. O. B. at 78 Park Avenue, on December 28, 1915.

Em'ly offered the goblet: which the scrivener took up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and pockets the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere Mathilda could bar, —
"Now we'll counsel together!" said Willard But-lar.

So impressive his form, and so lovely her face,
That never Fox Meadow such a galliard did grace;
While Mathilda did fret, and Mathilda did fume,
And the real-estate agent stood dangling his plume;
And the relatives whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
That Em'ly should listen to Willard But-lar."

One touch of her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the Cad'lac
stood near;
So light to the cushions the lady he swung,
So light to the wheel before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet Fords that follow," quoth Willard
But-lar.

There was mounting 'mong friends of the Fox Meadow
clan;
Ogdens, Crosbys, and Butlers, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Post Road trolee,
But the mistress of Fox Meadow ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in lawr,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like Willard But-lar?

A PROFESSION OF FAITH[1]

"THE fallacy of all prohibitory, sumptuary, and moral legislation is the same. A and B determine to be teetotalers, which is often a wise determination, and sometimes a necessary one. If A and B are moved by considerations which seem to them good, that is enough. But A and B put their heads together to get a law passed which shall force C to be a teetotaler for the sake of D, who is in danger of drinking too much. There is no pressure on A and B. They are having their own way, and they like it. There is rarely any pressure on D. He does not like it, and evades it. The pressure all comes on C. The question then arises, who is C? He is the man who wants alcoholic liquors for any honest purpose whatsoever, who would use his liberty without abusing it, who would occasion no public question and trouble nobody at all. He is the Forgotten Man again, and as soon as he is drawn from his obscurity we see that he is just what each one of us ought to be."

[1] The foregoing extract from the late William Graham Sumner's well-known essay, "On The Case Of A Certain Man Who Is Never Thought Of," written in 1884, was enclosed by W. P. B. in a letter to his correspondent with approving comments which were often reiterated in conversation.

MY ENCHANTED YOUTH

IN or about the year 1842, the William Minor Farm, lying between Broadway on the west, the Bowery, now Third Avenue, on the east, and between 21st and 16th Streets on the north and south, these boundaries being approximate, was made the subject of an action in partition, was subdivided into lots, and sold at public auction. At or from a purchaser at that sale, Daniel Lord, Jr., the then eminent lawyer, who called himself "Junior" all his life, to, as was said by his professional brethren, distinguish himself from the Almighty, bought four twenty-foot lots known as Nos. 131, 133, 135 and 137 East Nineteenth Street, on which he proceeded to build houses for his children – John, Edward, Daniel and James. But James, having married a daughter of James Brown, head of Brown Brothers and Company who had invested a great deal of money in the Iron Works at Boonton, New Jersey, was sent by his father-in-law to the hills of Boonton to act as manager, and Daniel Lord, Jr., sold his house, 137, to William M. Evarts, then a rising young lawyer. Mr. Evarts and his family lived in 137, a three-story house, until it was too small for them, and then sold it to my uncle, William Allen Butler. My uncle lived there until it in turn grew too small for his growing family, and he sold it to my grandfather, Dr. Willard Parker, who presented it to his eldest daughter, Ellen Grenville, on her marriage on November 8, 1855, to my father, Benjamin F. Butler. My

Grandfather Parker was, in his day, perhaps the best known physician and surgeon in the United States. He was for many years a professor of surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons; founded the Willard Parker Hospital, which was named after him as he was the first President of the Board of Health of New York and a leading man in all philanthropic work. My father was the second son of Benjamin F. Butler, a leading New York lawyer, formerly partner of Martin Van Buren at Albany, then Attorney-General of the United States under Andrew Jackson, and later his Secretary of War, finally for some years United States District Attorney of New York District, and then a leading member of the bar in New York, where he practiced until his death in 1858.

I was born in 137 East Nineteenth Street on Saturday, March 28, 1857. I have never looked into my horoscope, and I do not, at my present age, intend to look it up, but for general information I would say that I believe I was born under a favorable horoscope although my parents after their marriage feared they would not have "issue," as we lawyers say. It is said in the family that every Sunday night they went down to my Grandfather Parker's house in East Twelfth Street and took supper and that after supper he used to take them into his private office and they would kneel down and he would pray that they might have "young." The next spring, at the suggestion of an old family friend who lived in Morristown, New Jersey, my parents spent the summer of 1856 there, and thanks to the prayers or the invigorating air of Morristown, I arrived on

the scene at the end of March, 1857. That the prayers were quite unnecessary appeared from the fact that my parents had thereafter six sons and one daughter born to them, all of whom lived to grow up. I think it is fortunate, in view of the many family burdens I have had and still have, that I did not look up my horoscope as soon as I was able to know what a horoscope meant, or I might not have had the courage to face life.

I was sent when I was about six years old to the school of Morris W. Lyons, which was on the east side of Broadway between Twentieth and Twenty-First Streets. This was a well-known private school which certain of my cousins, and sons of friends, attended. Mrs. Lyons, an attractive woman of about forty, taught the little boys most of the subjects in which they were instructed. After about a year, my next younger brother joined me there.

In the autumn of 1862, my parents moved to 37 West Thirty-Third Street where we lived for three years. Gradually my father became convinced that Mr. Lyons' school, which had meanwhile moved over to the southwest corner of Broadway and Twenty-First Street, was too far off for the boys to be sent there conveniently — as we were hardly old enough to come and go alone. So he began to look around for a private school which would be more conveniently located. One day I happened to be walking with my brother and a young man who was employed by my father to take us out walking in the afternoon, on the west side of Sixth Avenue, and I noticed what seemed to be a boys' private school conducted in an

ordinary store, on the ground level. I mentioned this to my father and he had me take him up to the school and point it out to him. This was the turning point in my life, for if I had not discovered that school I feel sure that my life would have been much happier. It turned out to be a school kept by Samuel A. Farrand who had been formerly the principal of the Boys' High School at Newark, New Jersey, and who himself was even then a well-known educator. On investigation, my father found that Mr. Farrand had excellent credentials and that sons of many of his friends were among Mr. Farrand's pupils. So my brother and I were sent there in 1865 and thereafter all of my younger brothers were sent to Mr. Farrand's and to his successor, Duane S. Everson.

Mr. Farrand was a good teacher and a very fine man and I have always had a very high regard for him, but I always have felt that he conducted a very poor school. His assistants were incompetent and did not know how to teach. The discipline was lax, and study was made uninteresting. The only subject of any interest to me was singing, taught by an elderly man, Mr. Ilsley, who took great interest in his classes and picked out songs which interested them and which he taught them to sing. Some of these songs I have never forgotten! Latin was taught to the younger boys by a black-bearded Frenchman called Vinot. I was turned over to him, and it is to Vinot that I owe most of my troubles in life. The older boys were instructed in the Classics by a Professor Pinneo, who I believe was a competent teacher. Vinot did not know how to teach Latin

and I soon came to have a great dislike for that language, and it has been a source of regret all my life that I never was taught Latin and Greek properly, for if I had I know my whole life would have been different. My view of Vinot is concurred in by one of my schoolmates at Farrand's, who is still an intimate friend.

It was always intended that I should go to Harvard where my grandfather, Willard Parker, after whom I was named, graduated in 1826, and where two of my younger brothers subsequently graduated, but I had got tired of studying Latin, and without it, and some Greek, one could not then matriculate. It was decided in the summer of 1870 that my brother and I should go to boarding school, and accordingly I was sent in September of that year to the Edwards Place School at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a small school — only forty boys — kept by Ferdinand Hoffmann and Jared Reid. Mr. Hoffmann was a German, highly educated, a typical German pedagogue, but a good deal the man of the world. He had come to Stockbridge as a young man, married into the Sedgwick family and inherited from his wife quite a valuable estate, including the old "Jonathan Edwards Place." Jared Reid was a Yale graduate, son of a Congregational Minister, who had married a Miss Dwight of Stockbridge. The school was highly thought of by the people of Stockbridge and was really a very good school as the assistants were much more able men than those at Farrand's. Mr. Reid did not teach, but ran the school. Mr. Hoffmann taught, and I think what little I ever learned I learned from him. I continued my

Latin with him and went on for a while with Greek, but Mr. Hoffmann soon saw that my grounding in both subjects was very bad, and that to get anywhere I would almost have to go back to the beginning. I was then fourteen years old and the thought of going back into a class of boys several years younger than myself was distasteful to me. So with my father's consent, I dropped Greek and it was decided that I should go on a little longer with Latin and take more history and mathematics, with a view to going into some scientific school. I stayed at Stockbridge until the spring of 1874. I had picked up a certain amount of general culture by reading a great deal and by taking an active part in the debating society and in the declamation and composition work. The Jackson Library at Stockbridge was, for those days, a very unusual village library, and it was through it that I first derived my taste for serious reading. By and by it was decided that I must make up my mind what to do. I looked around, and my attention was called to the School of Mines of Columbia. I knew nothing about it and knew no one who had ever been there, but several of the professors were friends of my father and Grandfather Parker, and the entrance examination seemed to be a "dead easy cinch." Having been away from home for three years and a half, my father was glad to have me and my brother, who was scheduled to enter his office, stay at home for awhile, especially as the next two younger sons were to be sent off to boarding school, as they all ultimately were. So I passed the entrance examinations in June, 1874, spent the summer in

loafing, and entered the "Mines" in the autumn of that year, scarcely knowing why and with no fixed purpose in view except to get some sort of education and perhaps to find something which would take the place of the knowledge of the "humanities" which I felt was lacking in me. Any one who was present at Commencement in June, 1878, and remembers my oration, will see exactly what I mean, and what I then tried to express – and which I still feel to this day. I have unfortunately always felt that I am lacking in what the Germans call "Schulbildung," and I blame Vinot for it as he made the study of the Classics distasteful to me when I was ten years old! My Grandfather Butler could read the Classics in the original. It is said that when he shaved himself every morning, he had a Greek testament open before him and each time he wiped off his razor he read a verse. I have all my life regretted that I could not have had this privilege in addition to some of his legal learning!

I look back on my school days with mingled regret and pleasure. At Farrand's I learned to know Robert Jaffrey, whose delightful acquaintance continued until his recent death; Thomas Hastings, the well-known architect; his cousin, Thomas Hastings Robinson, my still very intimate friend; Edward D. Morgan, then known as "Altie" Morgan, whom I have met but once since in life, at the Saratoga college boat races in 1875; George Sherman, long Vice-President of the Central Union Trust Company and Treasurer of the University Club in New York, and his brother, John, now long deceased; Professor H. H. Don-

aldson, of Johns Hopkins, whom I have never since seen, and various others whom I do not offhand recall.

My schoolmates at Edwards Place were not quite in the same class, as when my brother and I were sent there it had begun to run down and became a school to which boys who had been requested to leave other schools were sent. But I met there our classmate of 1878, Henry Ellsworth Gregory, who delivered a learned Salutatory Oration in some, to me, strange tongue at Commencement 1878, with whom my relations throughout life have always been very cordial and who I hope will be long spared to us; James L. Ford, the humorist and author, a delightful personality, with whom I always tried to keep in touch until he recently passed away; "Micky" Ford, as he was then called by us. Then there was Harvey Spencer, Jr., one of the most famous "rounders" of New York, who later insisted on my looking after his legal affairs, much to my sorrow! And being good natured, and as a foolish but charming woman had seen fit to marry him, I had to help him out – confound him!

During the last two years I was happy at Stockbridge, for I had begun to read. I sent my savings by money order to Harper's in New York, and received from them by post many of those brown paper covered pirated copies of English books, among them Thackeray's novels. I had, when quite young, been instructed superficially in French and had learned a little German from the music teacher at Stockbridge and from Mr. Hoffmann and had always a recipient mind for these two languages, especially as at

Stockbridge we were taught French and other studies by a delightful and cultivated Genevese, Jacques Vancher. I shall never forget his delightful and engaging personality. The boys loved to call him "Monser Boustey," which he accepted with humorous complacence and forgiveness when it came to his ears. Later he married the widow of a Genevese friend with several children, and went home to Geneva to live. I suppose he must be long since dead.

The first year which I spent at the School of Mines was not particularly interesting or edifying. I studied chemistry under Professor Joy, algebra under Professor Peck, was excused from French and had only one hour or so a week in German. Most of my troubles lay in the drawing room where, under Mr. Pistor's supervision, right line drawing was imparted to us nominally under General Francis L. Vinton as professor. It took me a long time to learn to make a "stretch" which was acceptable to Mr. Pistor, and I made many reproductions of an aged French railway carriage before I was allowed to go on to higher things.

I spent the winter at my father's house in Scarsdale and my Grandfather Parker's house at 41 East Twelfth Street.

In the autumn of 1874, my father discovered that he had inherited, as I have, the family curse of diabetes, and he was advised by various medical friends to go to Paris to consult various French medical authorities. He sailed for Liverpool in the Cunard steamer "Bothnia" early in November and remained in Europe until the end of March.

In 1873, my father rebuilt the house at Scarsdale, which

he had bought from his uncle, Charles Butler, and added a large wing to it. He made it very comfortable as a winter residence, as it had two hot air furnaces and was lighted by gas made on the premises. My father had given up our house, 19 West Thirty-Third Street, at the end of his lease in May, 1871, as he was advised that it was better for my mother's health to live in the country. My father spent over $50,000 on the house and property, for that time a large sum, as the place comprised between four and five acres. I sold it at my mother's wish in 1894 or 1895 for $20,000, which was really all that it was worth, as my father had rebuilt the house from the standpoint of his personal desires and the necessities of his large family. For example, there were seven small bedrooms and a bath room on the third floor for the use of my younger brothers and their friends. The house was torn down in 1926 as it was included in the purchase of the Fox Meadow property belonging to my cousin, the late Emily O. Butler, and was in no sense available as part of a land development.

Prior to my father's departure for Europe in the autumn of 1874, he had suggested to our old English friend, Lawrence Oliphant, who was in New York on business, that he should stay at Scarsdale whenever convenient to him, as I think my father thought it would be a good thing to have a grown man in the house. So "Ollie," as we young people affectionately spoke of him, behind his back, put in most of the winter at Scarsdale, to the delight of all of us, especially to that of my younger brothers, to whom he related the substance of most of that delightful book of his, EPI-

1830978

SODES IN A LIFE OF ADVENTURE! I passed my examinations in June, and so far as I remember spent my summer at Scarsdale, going for a few weeks to the Adirondacks with my brother, Ben.

In the autumn, the School of Mines got busy – and I had to too! I was turned over in calculus to the tender mercies of Van Am and to the stony rectitude of Vinton. In other words, I began the study of descriptive geometry and in the last half of the year I was inducted into "stone cutting" – that most useless mathematical science for anyone who does not want to become an architect. I was also given a desk in the qualitative laboratory, my companions in the alcove being Drummond Hodges, Parker and another man whom I have forgotten. Somebody dubbed it the "Boss Alcove." The laboratory was presided over by Professor Elwyn Waller, whom I continued to know pleasantly up to the time of his death, as he lived many years at Morristown. I got through all right in calculus and descriptive geometry, but Professor Vinton flunked me in stone cutting. He promised me a second examination before the end of the term. I really had not studied stone cutting at all thoroughly but now I had to go to work! I mastered the subject and went through swimmingly and was complimented by General Vinton, but having been originally flunked, following the unwritten rule, I was only passed with B.

The summer of 1876 was the Centennial Summer and it was spent partly in the Adirondacks fishing and hunting with D. S. Everson, who had become a partner with Mr.

Farrand in his school, and at Philadelphia, in the house of my uncle by marriage, Doctor Thomas S. Kirkbride, going daily to the Exhibition and enjoying it so much that I made a point in after life of going to every exhibition that I could get to. Thus I took in three "Worlds Fairs" in Paris, 1878, 1889 and 1900, as well as Chicago, 1893, and St. Louis, 1904, to say nothing of many interesting minor exhibitions, such as the Exhibition in Buffalo in 1901.

The winter of 1875-1876 we spent in a house, 8 West Forty-Eighth Street, which my father rented furnished from a George MacKenzie, who was for many years the agent of the *Compagnie Generale Transatlantique* in New York. Both Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie were Scotch, and she must have been something of a terror. After we had given up the house, Mrs. MacKenzie wrote my mother a letter in which she said that we, i.e., my father's family, "had ruined her happy home!" My father went to see Mr. MacKenzie to ascertain what the letter meant as my mother thought we had taken excellent care of the house! When Mr. MacKenzie heard what his wife had written, he laughed and told my father not to pay any attention to it, as his wife was never satisfied with anything, or words to that effect!

My father's health was much improved by the treatment he had received the winter before in Europe, and he was able to take part in our pleasures, as he had not previously been, and he and my mother were able to do some entertaining of their friends and my brothers and I had the same privilege.

The winter of 1876-1877 was a busy one at the "Mines," and this winter I was introduced into blowpiping, mineralogy and metallurgy. The latter fascinated me from the commencement, and I should have been a metallurgical engineer had not my bad stomach, with which I had been afflicted all my life, made me feel that the life of a metallurgical engineer, far away from the comforts of civilization, would not conduce to the improvement of my digestion. The "Boss Alcove" moved up *en masse* from the first floor, where we had been instructed in qualitative chemistry, to the quantitative laboratory, where we were under Doctor Henry C. Bolton. I think that year we were subjected to a course of lectures in stoicheiometry, which bored me greatly. By this time I had decided to take the mining engineering degree and was entitled to drop nearly everything which did not strictly appertain to that course, but I kept on with everything connected with the civil engineering course. Why mining engineering students had to take stoicheiometry I have never quite understood. I continued geology under Professor Newberry, and mineralogy under Professor Egleston. What interested me most was the metallurgy of lead, copper and the precious metals, and one learned about the treatment in all sorts of remote places, like Tarnowitz, Gleiwutz and Katlorwitz in Upper Silesia, Pribam in Bohemia, Chemnitz in Saxony, Agordo in the Dolomites and the various mining centres of Carinthia and Styria – like Bleiberg. It was as good as a limited course in the geography of Central Europe. Meanwhile I had become more or less intimate with the

members of the "Boss Alcove" and with Lyman Devereaux, Lawrence Noyes, Jim Jewett, long since dead, and particularly with Robert Booraem, a most delightful and amiable youth, born on the same day as I was but in the year before.

The winter of 1876-1877 we spent at 150 Lexington Avenue, a house which belonged to my father's sister, Mrs. John P. Crosby, whose husband had died in August, 1876. The work at the "Mines" necessitated my rising early, and I was in the habit of walking up Lexington Avenue to Fiftieth Street and then going through it to Fourth Avenue, and over the bridge over the railway to the "Mines" building. How often I went over that bridge just as the 8 A.M. Boston express drawn by the New Haven Railroad engine with red drivers and smoke stacks went under it!

The house at Scarsdale was closed. The gardener was in charge. From time to time we went up there for skating and coasting, on which occasions he lit one of the two furnaces to keep us warm.

When I did not walk up Lexington Avenue, I walked up Fifth Avenue and I met every morning, when I did this, a young lady of about my own age. Later I crossed the ocean with her and she at once recognized me as the youth she used to meet occasionally on Fifth Avenue when she was going to school. According to the Social Register, she is still living, and single!

In the spring of 1877 the subjects for the *projets* were given out, and it did not take me long to decide that I

would tackle iron and steel as one could study these subjects without going further west than Cleveland, whereas to write a *projet* on the metallurgy of the precious metals would take one at least as far west as Colorado.

Booraem and I decided we would travel together but each make his own notes and work quite separately on his *projet*. So we started off together, a pair of "innocents abroad" and got as far as the Lochiel House at Harrisburg where we stayed a week, going out by train every morning to the Pennsylvania Steel Works at Steelton, Pennsylvania, and returning at night to Harrisburg. At the steel works we were treated with consideration by Major Bent, the superintendent, and by Henry Chauvenet, his head assistant. I never saw Mr. Chauvenet but once again in life, and that was in Philadelphia on December 18, 1899, on the occasion of the marriage of my cousin, Thomas Kirkbride, to his niece, Mabel Holden, at the house of her great uncle, George Burnham of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

From Harrisburg we went on to Altoona to take a look at cranes in the works of the Pennsylvania Railroad. We were glad to leave the Lochiel where the food was very poor, and put up at the Logan House at Altoona which belonged to the railroad company and where the food was simple but good.

After a couple of days at Altoona, we went on to Pittsburgh and put up at the Monongahela House, the best hotel there, which was a dreadful old place. But we found it very expensive and moved from it to a boarding house the horrors of which I shall never forget.

Mrs. Richmond Talbot, wife of an old family friend, who was a Miss Marshall of Pittsburgh, had given me a letter of introduction to her brother, James Marshall, who I think was in the iron brokerage business. We also had a letter to Richard Hall, a former "Mines" man, a son of the Reverend Doctor John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, who was with Jones and Laughlin, the great steel concern, and to various other people. The introduction to "Jim" Marshall was most useful. He put us up at the Duquesne Club, and as the food at our boarding house was almost uneatable, we went as often as we could afford it to the Duquesne Club for dinner. Mr. Marshall was a bachelor and he spent a great deal of time in the Club, and he introduced us to a number of the iron and steel members – among others, to Edmund L. Peacham, a well-known metallurgist, who subsequently founded the short-lived *Metallurgical Review* and who was a very agreeable man. He also introduced me to James Park, the head of Park Brothers and Company, the great crucible steel people. Mr. Park took a fancy to me and invited me to come up any evening to his house in Alleghany. The weather was intensely hot and I remember how pleasant it was to sit on his piazza at Alleghany in the evening and chat with him, which I did several times. We saw nearly everything we wanted to see: Jones and Laughlin, Park Brothers and Company, the Singer Works, the Edgar Thomson Works at Braddock, but we had not seen either the "Lucy Furnace" or the rolling of the "shape iron" at the Union Iron Works. So I mentioned this to Mr. Mar-

shall at the Duquesne Club and he said, "Why, I will introduce you to Andy Carnegie." And he added, "Why, there he is sitting there in his corner of the dining room," and he pointed to a little man off in a corner at a table by himself, whom I had observed dining there (this was long before Mr. Carnegie married) every night Rob Booraem and I felt rich enough to dine at the Club. So he led us up to Mr. Carnegie and told him who we were and what we wanted to see. Mr. Carnegie was very pleasant and sympathetic and said, "Why, of course I will give you a letter to Charley Borntraeger at the Union Iron Works, and he will see that you see everything, but the 'Lucy Furnace' is out of blast and it is no use going up there."

The letter duly appeared and we went up to the Union Iron Works a day or so afterwards. Charley Borntraeger received us with great kindness and showed us everything. He was a simple German about forty-five years of age, spoke fluent but decidedly German U. S. A., but he impressed me greatly with his efficiency. He was the first example of German efficiency that I had ever come in contact with. He had risen from the ranks, but he knew his job and he was then superintendent of the great Union Iron Works. Years afterwards, when I read of the dinner which Mr. Carnegie's lieutenants had given him when he had retired, I was glad to see that he was one of them, and when I read of the millions which Mr. Carnegie had handed out to his faithful lieutenants when he sold out his original holdings in the United States Steel Corporation, I was glad to see that Charley Borntraeger had not been

forgotten and got his slice. I never saw Mr. Carnegie again although many of my friends and family were in close intimacy with him, and I may have an anecdote to relate concerning him at a later stage in these reminiscences.

But Rob Booraem and I wanted to know about open hearth steel. As there was none of it in Pittsburgh, we decided we must go on to Cleveland, Ohio. So we took an afternoon train on the old Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad and travelled in a day coach to Cleveland where we arrived in the early evening. We went to what was then the best hotel in the town. I forget its name, but it was clean, comfortable, and the food was good. We stayed, I think, about a week. We had letters to the Chisholm Iron people and to the Otis people. Wilson Chisholm, a good-natured, rather sporty person, was glad to see us and put us up at the Cleveland Club where we took an occasional meal, rather out of compliment to him. "Charley" Otis was not particularly agreeable but allowed us to see everything in his works, which were unique in the United States for the rolling open hearth plate steel. Many years afterward I had to do with the mortgage which the Otis Company placed on its property to secure an issue of bonds sold to clients of my law firm in England. There was not much in the Chisholm Works which was new to us, but they gave us every facility and we had a very pleasant stay.

About this time I felt that I had made observations enough for the moment! The day after we had left Pittsburgh, the railroad riots had broken out and the rioters

had burned the station. Rob Booraem, however, thought he would like to go on to Buffalo and see some rolling mills there. So we agreed to separate. I took the night train to New York and he left on a train the next morning for Buffalo. I got through all right, but I think he was held up a week in Buffalo by the railroad strike there.

I spent the rest of the summer at Scarsdale, but as I still had a mining engineering *projet*, as I remember it, to prepare, in September I went down to Philadelphia and looked over certain metallurgical and other plants there. Professor Trowbridge had succeeded General Vinton as Professor of Mining Engineering and had advised me that he was not particular about the kind of *projet* I put in, so I ultimately put in one on the "Rolling of Tyres for Locomotive Driving Wheels" for which he gave me 10. I don't think it had anything at all to do with mining engineering.

While at Philadelphia I visited the great machine shops of William Sellers and Company and met that charming old gentleman, Coleman Sellers, a member of the firm.

In the autumn of 1877 we, that is the "Boss Alcove" as a unit, moved downstairs to the basement, where the assay laboratory was situated. Here we were under Doctor Pierre DePeyster Ricketts, with whom I remained in very friendly relations until his death, and did a great deal of work on patent matters for him. That the "Boss Alcove" retained its identity there was rather unusual, we heard. The work in the assay laboratory interested me greatly as it overlapped into the metallurgy of the precious metals, but it took a good deal out of me and ruined my digestion.

The winter of 1877-1878 my family spent in a house known as 6 East Thirty-Fifth Street. It was a furnished house, and I cannot remember from whom it was rented. We were not a very large family, as I think two of my brothers were at St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, and my brother Robert had been sent to an aunt in Liverpool, England, in order to get a change of scenery as he was not particularly well.

I was given a hall bedroom on the third floor as my workroom, and here I worked up my *projets*. Altman's has long since absorbed the entire block, but at that time the street was made up of private houses. On the southeast corner of Thirty-Fifth Street and Fifth Avenue stood Christ Church, and nearly all of the houses on the north as well as south side of the street were occupied by people whom we knew. Among others were Mr. and Mrs. David Egleston, he a brother of Professor Thomas Egleston of the "Mines"; Sir Edward Archibald, the British Consul General, and his family; Henry E. Pellew, father of Charles E. Pellew, now Viscount Exmouth, also a "Mines" man, whose first wife was Professor Chandler's daughter, Margaret; Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Talbot; Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Ketcham; and several others whose names I have forgotten.

Toward the end of the second term, we began to look forward to graduation. It was announced that the "Mines" for the first time would have a commencement orator, and I was chosen to speak for the class – exactly why, I do not remember. I was a long time in preparing my address, and

after I had completed it to my satisfaction, I memorized it. My school friend, Henry Gregory, a member of 1878 "Arts" was selected to make the Salutatory and I think there were two other orators from the "Arts."

Commencement exercises were held, I think, on the 13th of June in the old Academy of Music, corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. I made my speech and was applauded. I was passed up from the parquette a huge wreath of dark red roses which had no card. I have never known whom it was from, but I have always suspected that it was from my classmate, Robert Elmer Booraem, or from a lady, an intimate friend then, whose name, although she is my senior and living, I must not mention.

I have never been conspicuous in life but twice; the first time on this occasion, and the second when I made a motion before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati in 1895 to dismiss an appeal, when Ex-President Harrison appeared in opposition. It was the first time he had appeared in Court in Cincinnati since he had retired from the Presidency, and a large crowd of people were present in Court! As I had him on the run, he made an elaborate argument, but the appeal was not dismissed, thanks to the fact that the presiding Justice was his appointee and found a way to help him out. But I have always thought it improper for an Ex-President to practise law before his own appointees.

About this time my future became a subject of family and friendly discussion. I was suffering from indigestion, and was very much used up by the hard work in the third

and fourth years at the "Mines." My father, coming as he did from a legal family, and reading the *New York Tribune* in which there were many reports of mining cases, became convinced that there was a great future in mining law, but he was not at all certain as to what to do with my troublesome case!

One very decided advantage I derived from being in New York during those four winters was my ability to hear much more good music than I would have heard had I spent them in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I was able to go often to the Opera, then in the old Academy of Music, as well as to practically all of the important concerts.

During the years 1874 to 1878, Theodore Thomas was the leading musical luminary in New York and the concerts of his orchestra and those of the Philharmonic Society, conducted, I think, by Mollenhauer, were a great pleasure. Then in the spring of 1878, the Central Park Garden was reopened and Thomas gave his concerts there, and I attended them as often as I could until I sailed for Europe. The Opera was produced by Colonel Mapleson, and say what you will about his *ensembles*, he certainly got some wonderful singers together, beginning with the great German tenor, Wachtel, and ending with the beautiful Russian soprano, Bellocca, whose singing in the "Barber of Seville" I shall never forget. I remember hearing the famous Russian pianist, Annette Essipoff, play seventeen times in one winter, and each time she wore a different gown. She married Leschetitzky, who was her teacher. It is pleasant to think that Theodore Thomas' eldest son was,

years afterward, a junior in our law office, and I have always had pleasant relations with him.

We interspersed theatre with music, and I saw practically all the really good shows that were going on in New York during those four years.

I have always had a great fondness for Europe. It grew from reading certain books, which showed me life in a light which was most interesting to me. The books of Charlotte Bronte I was particularly influenced by, particularly VILLETTE. And then there came into my hands, while I was in the "Mines," a story called MY LITTLE LADY, by an anonymous author, published by Henry Holt and Company. I have tried in vain to find a copy of this book, but without success. It was the romance of a young girl, the daughter of a professional gambler in Brussels, and gave a wonderful description of life there and in Europe. The only book in any way like it, as I remember, is Marion Crawford's CIGARETTE MAKER'S ROMANCE, the scene of which is laid in Munich.

I felt sure that if I could go to Europe I might at least pick up some of the threads which had been lost in my education. Then, my familiarity with most of the old Italian operas and classical music created an atmosphere about Europe which I longed to breathe.

I was entirely dissatisfied with what I had thus far accomplished. It all seemed to me so different from what it ought to have been, and I cursed the teachers at Farrand's who had failed to teach me properly at the beginning. There seemed, as the end of my course at the "Mines" ap-

proached, that there was nothing in the education which I had received there which had helped me in the least. My commencement speech which I have referred to above echoed my thoughts! I felt I had been made a victim of bad teachers and had not had a fair deal!

Later, a German high-school teacher, with whose family I stood on very intimate terms, told me that he had never seen an American youth in whom the "Schulbildung" was not lacking. He said this to me when I was twenty-three and on a walking trip in Germany, and I was inclined to agree with him absolutely so far as my case was concerned, and I have yet to see an American youth where it is present. I ultimately got a degree of Engineer of Mines without knowing anything about the subject. My father met Professor Egleston at the Century Club and talked with him about mining law. Professor Egleston talked over the subject with me and recommended it. He thought there was a great future in it. I shall have something to say about this later.

I wanted very much to go to Europe and particularly to Germany, and my father agreed I should go there for two years, with a view to preparing myself to becoming a mining lawyer. So it was finally decided! Why, I don't now understand, as mining law in Germany is entirely different from what it is in the United States.

Having survived commencement, I went to Litchfield, Connecticut, and spent a week at the "Benton House" with my delightful Aunt Margaret Crosby and her daughters and their friends. Then I felt the need of getting ad-

vice about Germany from Ferdinand Hoffmann. So I went up to Stockbridge and spent a week there. Mr. Hoffmann was very much pleased to hear of my more than excellent record at the "Mines," and I saw a good deal of him, which I enjoyed greatly. He gave me very excellent advice and recommended at least one book which I still have with me here and everywhere I am.

I returned to New York and sailed on July 10th on the Cunard steamer "Scythia" (the "old Scythia") for Liverpool, most of my immediate relations of my own and the older generation going over to Jersey City, where the Cunard ships then tied up, to see me off!

W. P. B.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO O. C. W.

o

Hotel Victoria, Lausanne
July 28, 1925

It was pleasant to be there in spite of the many Americans who walk the streets and breathe out threatenings against their countrymen, who like my humble self think the League of Nations is merely a "*pis aller*," which may or may not be useful.

Hotel Splendide, Lugano
March 4, 1931

I engaged a Swiss valet in Zurich and he came on the 12th of February, so he will have been with me three weeks. I am afraid he will turn out n.g. as he has merely been a *valet de chambre* and has no capacity for discovering and retaining the way I put my clothes on. My nurse went home to England on the 12th as being a married man, he did not want to leave his wife longer than he had to. The old style valet who looks after a gentleman's clothes has disappeared except in England. Occasionally in Germany or in France they are to be found, but the duties of a valet are usually connected with those of a chauffeur.

Hotel Splendide, Lugano
April 7, 1931

Here I am sending every month money to Germany to keep my old friends from starving, while third-rate Germans, the sort of people whom one never saw before the war, are masquerading around here as ladies and gentlemen, spending lots of money, and many of them accompanied by enormous motor cars and a chauffeur. Where do they get all this money from?

I asked Charles Engel to send you JEREMIAH TRIES READING. I think it is pleasant reading and you will like it. Prof. Canby calls a spade a spade and gives, I think, a fairly good description of the American Scene. That intelligent Frenchman, André Maurois, is "covering" the same subject – I suppose they are coming out in U. S. A. in translation. I have been reading them in the German translation in one of the Swiss papers. He says there are three problems in U. S. A., but just at present he has got no further than prohibition. He says it is an inheritance from the Puritans – I suppose it is. By the way, what newspaper am I to read when I return to the "favored land," now that the *World* has gone up "Salt River"? There is an old rooster here who says that the *Herald Tribune* is the only paper that one can read and the trouble with that is that Mrs. Ogden Reid spends too much time at the publication office.

I see by the *Paris Herald* that Mayor Walker has returned smiling. I wonder if anything will happen? I do not believe Roosevelt will do anything to offend Tammany Hall. I have not much faith in F.D.R. I think he is a weak brother and bent on being President. Speaking of Roosevelt, the only U. S. weekly, except the *Saturday Review of Literature*, which I ever see, the *New Republic*, has an interesting article about Roosevelt. But look at Hoover and what he said about the Wickersham report. He is no good it seems to me. I wonder where he picked up the expression, "Noble Experiment." Did you ever hear that Hoover was really a "roughneck"? A man from the Pacific Coast tells me he is.

I do not know what to think about the U. S. A. – the waves of crime which seem to go over it perennially seem rather to please the great mass of Americans.

I have read but little except French and German books this winter but I have read Miss Stuart's LIFE OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI which I felt called upon to read as the centennial of her birth occurred in December, CRANFORD by Mrs. Gaskell and I am

now reading GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. I had never read CRANFORD before and I enjoyed it very much. I am also reading now a French book by André Maurel on Madame de Chatelet, Voltaire's "belle amie."

Schloss Hotel
Velden am Worthersee, Carinthia
May 21, 1931

It is all very well for you to say complimentary things concerning my handwriting and I do not believe them. I am quite sure that I should have to become a heavy drinker, if I became a good scrivener—Latham—that old reprobate in John Nash's office whose name I have forgotten, Giblin, old Flynn, and all the great scriveners shortened their lives by too many good things to drink. The typewritten will has ruined the scrivener business.

You ask about the row made in Europe about the proposed German-Austrian Customs Union — it, like everything else on the Continent, in the way of trouble, is very largely of French origin. The French control the Little Entente and the League of Nations, and I should not be surprised if they controlled the British Labor Government. They are always making trouble under the claim of needing "Security." If you want to read an interesting book about your friends, the French, read the REVOLVER REPUBLIC by Gedye. It looks to me as if the Germans and Austrians were going to retire from the League of Nations, for which I have never had any use anyhow. There will never be any peace on the Continent of Europe as long as the French have the largest army, and are able to control the Little Entente. The only hope, it seems to me, is that Italy may ultimately be able to keep France in her place but just at present she is not. The conditions in Great Britain are anything but good and it is extraordinary how the Socialistic Government has the nerve to hold on to power, after all the rebuffs it

has had. The Pope seems to have given the Socialists a blow between the eyes.

I don't suppose I have ever talked to you about poetry and it is evident that you have never examined the books in my third-story library at Thirty-Sixth Street. I don't read much poetry nowadays, but I always have a copy of Goethe's FAUST in the original and generally a copy of Matthew Arnold and Schiller with me. I am not where I can get any English books, so I cannot promise to read the UNCELESTIAL CITY until I get to England.

Hotel Washington, Curzon Street, London
September 4, 1931

I do not believe that the Germans are preparing for another "Day." Nearly all Frenchmen, when you mention Germany "see red." They merely read one language, French, and one line of newspapers. They shriek all the time for "Security" for they long for the Hegemonie of France in Europe as it was at the time of Louis XIV and they moan because their country was invaded twice by the Germans within four years. Totally forgetting that for 150 years they continually ravaged Germany, or the many wonderful German castles destroyed by the French in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. But I will venture this remark: If the French do not come to their senses and consent to the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, there will be another war, with the Italians on the side of the Germans and at the end of it there won't be a single Frenchman left in Europe. But this, like the impending destruction of the Capitalistic System, will not come in your and my life time.

A German lady, an old friend, recently wrote me that the Germans are their own worst enemies and I certainly believe it. Since the so-called peace, they have gone down and down. They have no leaders, and are certainly not capable of run-

ning a Republic, but just now I do not think that they cherish revenge, and the cataclysm which they have just gone through may help to rouse the national spirit, and get them to thinking straight. Their leaders, as you know, are but few, but I don't think anybody in Germany just now wants war.

The English have been going through a crisis, this last week, which they seem to have regarded with their usual phlegm. The new cabinet seems rather good, but nobody thinks it will last more than two months. MacDonald has improved his standing greatly, and has acted like a true patriot. The attitude of the Labor party is despicable. Have you read THE ENGLISH: ARE THEY HUMAN? It is well worth reading. It is said to be written by a Dutchman who has spent many years in England and evidently knows whereof he writes.

Speaking of reading you should read the MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO by Ann Radcliffe, written about 1750 and long out of print. It has just been republished in "Everyman's Library." It is a thriller of the most thrilling sort and even I don't dare to read it at night before I go to bed, lest it keep me awake.

Have you ever read any of Christina Rossetti's poetry? At the time of her centenary a new edition came out, which I bought. Some of it is very beautiful. The recent critics seem to put her ahead of Elizabeth Barrett Browning!

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
January 5, 1932

I think the last letter from you is that of December 3rd, enclosing Walter Lippmann's article about Hoover from the *Herald Tribune* (perhaps I will find another letter). I think what Lippmann says about the great Engineer is very true. I have sent to my man, Mr. Engel, to send me a book called MR. HOOVER UNDER TWO FLAGS, by one Hamill. I read a review of it in the *New Republic* which I still take, much as you may disapprove of it. I think I will enjoy this book. I would have you

know, as of this date, that I have no use for Franklin Roosevelt. He is no better than my aged playmate, Theodore, who was a most over-rated man.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
February 16, 1932

Most of the English people I meet are so stupid that they take me for an Englishman. Is there anything about me, do you think, that would give cause for this?

Locarno
April 9, 1932

I was pleased to see Hoover's appointment of Benjamin Cardozo to the U. S. Supreme Court bench. I always had a pleasant acquaintance with him from the time he was a clerk in Cardozo and Nathan. I knew Michael H. Cardozo well and had great respect for his ability. What has become of Nathan? Is he still living? He was an able man.

I received the other day the Bar Association YEAR BOOK for 1931 and read many of the obituary notices with great interest; I never knew before how many virtues certain of my friends possessed.

I wish there were some weeklies in U. S. A. of the tone of the *Spectator*, the *New Statesman* and the various other weeklies, but there are not. The *Outlook* is drivel. The *New Republic* is too radical and socialistic. I tried to stomach *Time* but I could not – too flippant. Oswald Villard's *Nation* is clever but is communistic. The *Independent*, too much Boston – I dislike Boston. I see the *London Times*, the *Weekly Times*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, *The Spectator*, the *New Statesman* and *Time and Tide*. But the only U. S. papers I see are the *New Republic* which I loathe and the *Saturday Review of Literature*. If you can recommend a good U. S. weekly I will subscribe to it, if I have any money left.

What did you think of Tardieu's attitude toward Gibson's suggestions on behalf of U. S. A.? Or like most Americans don't you think anything about it and don't care. Probably you are one of the many Americans who for some mysterious reason think the French can do no wrong. What is the hold that the French have on the Americans? Is it Lafayette? The French press keeps abusing the Americans all the time. The *Journal de Genève* is the only newspaper written in French which will say a good word for them and yet the French hunger for American money, and there is a howling going on up the length and breadth of France because American tourist travel has dwindled terribly. The French only helped U. S. A. in the Revolutionary War because it annoyed their natural enemies, the British. No Frenchman likes a man of any other nation except his own, and yet they are very pleasant people to come in contact with. I give it all up. The astonishing thing is that the French themselves are really so nice. I have been often in France and know a large part of it, and enjoy the country greatly, yet it is a nation that cannot keep house with any of its neighbors. The French Steamship Lines cannot even agree to run their ships so as to meet the public's desires, and they run them on the same days as the British and German ships, thus reducing fast mail facilities to two, instead of three a week. Queer race. They think they are the best people in the world and the only ones worth considering.

Luzern
May 26, 1932

No! There are no newspapers in U. S. A. which are in the same class as the *Spectator*, *The New Statesman*, *Week End Review*, and *Time and Tide*. I do not think the American public is ready for that type of weekly. The *Spectator* is not as good as it used to be, and the *Statesman* is the organ of the

Labor Party, but I read them both with considerable interest! *Time and Tide* is run by women! – and is pretty good!

You speak of reading a new life of Fanny Kemble. I wonder if this is the book by Mrs. Bobbé (strange name), which was recently reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement*. I have a very indistinct recollection of having been taken as a small boy by my mother to one of her readings and being impressed by her voice and majestic appearance, although I did not understand what she was reading and understood less why her name was Butler and wondered if she was a relation. It is many years since I read Carlyle's FREDERICK THE GREAT, but I have been told that as history it is not reliable. In fact, I don't think that even in Germany there is a really satisfactory life of Frederick. An interesting picture of him when he was young is found in the MEMOIRS OF THE MARGRAVINE OF BAYREUTH, his sister Wilhelmina. It is a long book but I found it very interesting. Have I ever asked you if you have read THE ENGLISH: ARE THEY HUMAN? by Prof. Renier, a Dutchman long a resident of England? If you have not, get it, read it, and let me know how it strikes you.

Spiez
July 12, 1932

I am very much obliged to you for sending me Judge Seabury's report on Mayor Walker which I have read with great interest. I do not see that Governor Roosevelt has acted on it yet and I begin to think he won't until after the Election. I do not see how any intelligent man could, after reading the report, help finding the Mayor guilty.

Mentone
February 20, 1933

I do not place John Strachey. I suppose he must be a con-

nection of the other Stracheys, sons of Sir John who wrote that delightful book, GOSSIP FROM A MUNIMENT ROOM. There is an English library here and I will ask them to let me look at their WHO'S WHO IN ENGLAND — your Mr. Strachey. One of the difficulties of France is that you cannot buy any books in any other language, except a few trashy English books such as Edgar Wallace, etc. Whereas in every other country you can find good French and German books.

I once was permitted to spend quite a little time in the Grand Ducal Museum at Weimar, but it was in 1912, I presume before Melchers was busy there. I have never known him except through his work. The Grand Ducal collection of Ancient Etchings was only second to the "Albertinaum" in Vienna.

I want very much to go again to Austria but I wonder very much whether I shall be able to work it on account of the difficulty of getting money. Austria is a delightful country and I wish that in my youth I had made more effort to see it. There is a charm about it, and many of the people, which is to me very attractive. Two years ago I enjoyed it immensely.

Mentone
March 6, 1933

John Strachey is a son of John St. Loe Strachey and you will find a review of the book Mrs. Wierum sent you in the last number of the *New Republic*. He is a well-known Communist and until the last election was M.P. for Ashton. I am afraid some unprincipled laborman stuffed up your Frau Gemählin and represented to her that it would do you good to read this book.

Mentone
April 21, 1933

I have been much pleased at the way Mr. Roosevelt has

taken hold of his colossal job, but I fear he is going ahead too fast. It looks to me now as if Congress were no longer obedient, and as if we were in for a lot of trouble. The fools are not all dead in the United States, and a great many of them have got into high positions which they are not capable of filling. Democracy seems to be considerable of a failure in U. S. A. and I begin to wonder if Thomas Jefferson was not a stuffed idol with clay feet.

Bern
October 22, 1933

The clippings from the newspapers of the decisions of these minor judges are very illuminating, and tend to corroborate my feeling, that everybody, or nearly everybody in U. S. A. has gone mad!

Locarno
February 22, 1934

I am not "fed up with Europe" and I am not "moping." I propose to return to U. S. A. just as soon as my health will permit it. I wish to see it once more before it is bolshevistic and impossible.

I have put U. S. politics out of my mind. Like old Betsy Waring in *Punch:*

I hear all these notions of wars and commotions
Of earthquakes and comets that lights up the sky
Steam boilers a bustin' and banks that folks trust in
But they never do fret an old woman like I!

CHARACTERISTIC COMMENTS BY "W.P.B. (EXILE)" TO F.B.K.

o

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
April 14, 1923

When Delancey Nicoll was defeated by John R. Fellows as District Attorney, C. A. Dana of the *Sun*, which had boomed Nicoll, wrote an editorial in his newspaper denouncing in most vigorous language Pulitzer, who had boomed Fellows in the *World*. The article began, "Joseph Pulitzer, a word with you"! So having finally acknowledged all the ninety-eight congratulatory letters, cables and telegrams, etc., that I have received, except your letter of congratulations, and feeling nearly eighty years old as a result of the hard work I am now going to have a pleasant word, not a denunciatory word, with you.

If I had not long since decided that my worldly doll was stuffed with sawdust, I should probably have been mentally affected by this shower of congratulatory communications, but it was very flattering to receive so many, and the Concierge and the Landlord were much impressed by my importance.

Fortunately I have not had scrivener's paralysis. Some of the letters I got are really delightful – but what pleased me greatly was a cable from B. B. & Co. "and all of us" congratulating me. It relieved my feelings for during forty years of advising I had to read them many a riot act concerning their foolish performances from a legal standpoint. The letters from my first cousins were particularly delightful, among others one from Arthur which was very appreciative. So I have as you say nothing to complain of, and am now resting from my labors.

I have an amusing letter from Mrs. Bell received yesterday. I will take up her sad case, when I entirely recover from the "*cacoethes scribendi*" from which I suffer still.

The Burlinghams sent me a cable reading "Stratibus." As there are no commercial codes here and I have not succeeded in finding a Latin dictionary in the town I cannot fathom it. But I have acknowledged it, saying that I found the word in my "A.B.C." code, which I have always with me, that it means "Many happy returns of the day." And I thanked them for their kind congratulations. Only don't give me away.

Grand Hotel, Nice
March 13, 1924

While I was laid up your letter of February 22nd came. It did not particularly cheer me to hear that most Kirkbrides were disporting themselves at Keene Valley, playing around in the snow as if they were twelve years old while I was eating my meals off a dog plate in my room.

Since the beginning of March the weather has been very bad and altho I am authorized to go out I get out but very little, as it rains most of the time. The place, however, is pretty full still. People have stayed on apparently because they thought it must improve or else that in their "home" country it was even more awful. At one time we are said to have had twenty-one different nationalities in this hotel. I shall be very glad to get away. I am completely "fed up" on the French, particularly on French food. I don't want to see a Frenchman or anything French for at least six months. Charles Butler, E.O.B., Tileston Wells and other Francophiles are welcome to them.

Hotel de Champéry, Champéry
August 16, 1924

I hope I may be spared from a variety of floral tributes

which may be laid on my grave by adoring female relatives, which wreaths will probably not harmonize in color and I hope the same of males if they visit personally my grave and do not send the floral tributes by "American Express Co." will refrain from announcing their presence or even mentioning my name. I have suffered too much at the hands of the women of my family to want to meet all of my female relatives in the next world.

Many years ago Whitridge was invited to a dinner party to meet Lord Herschel (a Jew), then Lord Chancellor of England. In the course of the conversation he remarked quite loudly that it would be an ideal world if all the Jews were gone back to Palestine and all the Irish to Ireland. W. seems to have made himself unpopular with his hosts and the other dinner guests but he enunciated a great truth.

Hotel de Champéry, Champéry
August 29, 1924

No, Cousin Emily shall not lay the first wreath on my tomb. I quite believe that she will survive me and be quite capable of laying said wreath, but I shall arrange to restrain her by injunction, on the ground that worry caused by her unreasonable conduct, with respect to building roads and the general afflictions of Fox Meadow, have caused my premature death.

By the way! It is not unlikely that you may have a lawsuit on your hands. In one of my recent letters to you I remarked that I gathered from one of her recent letters that Dr. Wallin "seemed a little sorry for herself." I understand that somehow or other Dr. W. saw and read this letter. You probably failed to consult counsel before letting it go out of your hands. If you had, he would have advised you that if the recipient of a letter publishes it without the consent of the writer, he is liable for damages. I have had a "ripsnorting" angry letter

from Dr. Wallin denouncing me for this statement, so I hereby give you notice that I will hold you responsible for all doctors' bills, hospital and other expenses, as well as all direct (not indirect) damages that I may suffer, if the Doctor upon my return to "Dry Land" proceeds to punish me with her strong Swedish right arm.

Well! I have had a dreary time since I last wrote. Rain, rain, rain. British, British, British. It is bad enough to have bad weather in the Alps and to be with one's "Own British" but these "Cheap John British" whom one meets everywhere are the limit. "Our British" of our generation I love, but their young seem to me more "unlicked."

I have not felt well all summer. I always look well and people cannot understand that I am really a semi-invalid and nearly seventy years old.

Hotel de Champéry, Champéry
August 29, 1924

I am still crazy, as I always have been to have, i.e., own a little chalet on the borders of the Thuner See. But I have always been deterred by the taxation question!

Don't keep much money in the bank; invest it all in unsaleable investments. Then if I apply to you for a loan you can say, "Sorry – I can't help you without losing money." This I have found to be of great efficiency with all sorts of impecunious friends.

Hotel de l'Amirauté, Vichy
June 8, 1925

But it is so delightful to be able to go to bed without worrying as to when the servants' friends will go home and when they will come up to bed and whether they will lock up the house, that I wonder if I shall ever have the courage to open that house again.

Hotel Victoria, Lausanne
August 3, 1925

Hope Butler left last Friday to join my brother Charles and his wife and the children of Israel at the Kulm Hotel at St. Moritz. They have gone there I presume to play golf as if they could not play golf with the Jews anywhere in Westchester County. But if you take up golf you become mad, and in a saner world you would be locked up.

Grand Hotel des Alpes et du Lac, Champex
August 16, 1925

Switzerland is very expensive this year and is overrun with all sorts of terrible nationalities, Dutch, Spanish, Portugese, Brazilians, etc., etc., and most of the English and Swiss travelling are very ordinary. The French are absent as it is too expensive for them.

Hotel Victoria, Oberhofen
October 5, 1925

Aux coeurs blessés l'ombre et le silence as Balzac said.

Hotel Victoria, Oberhofen
October 22, 1925

I think I shall stay here until the two maiden ladies, three cats and one aged dog who run this hotel decide to close up the house for the winter.

I would not want to spend the winter in an over-heated New York hotel or to take a room at that old man's home, The University Club, and have to face all those old bores who make their headquarters there.

Grand Hotel, Nice
January 24, 1926

I fear I am all out of sympathy with the U. S. A. I was boy-

cotted so dreadfully because I did not believe that the Germans were entirely responsible for the war, and because I wanted somebody to give the British a good licking (which I think is the only thing that will save them). Besides, I have no use for woman suffrage, prohibition, fundamentalism, uplift, anti-sedition laws, etc., etc., which the U. S. A. is suffering from at present, and "Jew Ridden" New York is certainly no place for an old man to live.

One cannot practice law for over forty years in Wall Street as I did and not have most of your ideals shattered.

Grand Hotel, Nice
March 24, 1926

Dr. Fagnani is one of the children of an old Italian portrait painter who came to New York many years ago. He painted pictures of all the beauties of fifty years ago and was quite a successful art teacher. In the old Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the seventies, hung nine portraits of society belles, all, I think, painted by him. When I last saw them they were stowed away in the basement of the present building. They were much admired in their day and were supposed to represent the Nine Muses. It always seemed funny to me that his son should be a parson!

Grand Hotel, Nice
March 31, 1926

What these miserable French do with letters after they reach their shores God only knows.

Grand Hotel, Nice
April 22, 1926

Among other trifles I have picked up No. 1 Bavaria – the black one. A fine specimen with a cancellation of "Passau," on

the Danube. I hope no unprincipled woman will try to marry me for it.

I am looking forward to reading Prof. Raleigh's letters when I get to Switzerland. I have packed up fifty-two books into my portmanteau (I have had to buy a new trunk) and for the moment I cannot buy any more books. Walter Raleigh and Tom Raleigh were nephews of that delightful old Miss Raleigh who had charge of the Linen Department and Stewardess' Home of the Holt (Blue Funnel) Line. I was always very fond of Miss R. and whenever I went to Liverpool I went to see her and took tea with her. She was one of the party that went to Oberammergau in 1880 of which I was one. Tom Raleigh I knew quite well and when he was in the U. S. A. about 1886 I put a good many good dinners inside of him. He afterward became a high Indian official. He too is dead now. But I don't think I ever met Walter Raleigh. Did you ever read this little poem by him:

I wish I liked the human race
I wish I liked its silly face
I wish I liked the way it walked
I wish I liked the way it talked
I wish when introduced to one
That I could say — What jolly fun!

Hotel Victoria, Lausanne
May 3, 1926

It is pleasant also to be in a nice clean town, in a country with real money, not paper rags, which change in value every day.

After all a New York without Delmonico's, the old Academy of Music, Luchows and Wallack's Theatre is not a place to live in, and I don't intend to live there much longer, seeing that I am no longer chasing the "Merry Dollars" and have now but a handful of relations left there.

Hotel Victoria, Oberhofen
May 12, 1926

I am very sorry to hear that you have fallen into the hands of the "snout punchers." They can give you more pain for your money than any other class of sawbones that I have ever come in contact with and I have had "quite some" carve me up. Be thankful that you did not have to take a general anesthetic, as I did twice and have them break an instrument trying to break through into the antrum. It is poor business at best, and what they do is merely an alleviation, not a cure.

Hotel Victoria, Oberhofen
June 3, 1926

The State of New York is normally Republican and the rank and file of the Republicans are "dry," provided always they can get their cider, and make their own wine!

I am now reading Prof. H. E. Barnes' GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR which arrived on Monday from New York. It is extremely interesting and everybody having an open mind should read it.

June 11, 1926

By the way – if you must write, send your letters c/o Brown, Shipley and Co. and put on a 5 cent stamp to save time and profanity.

Hotel Victoria, Oberhofen
June 30, 1926

I am glad to hear of all your doings with your Swedish friends and it must have given you great pleasure. At fifty-eight one is very much more capable of physical activity than

one is at sixty-nine, so keep on doing things which keep you moving as long as you can! Only don't play golf!

Somehow travelling is beginning to me to be an affliction.

If you have any amiable dogs and cats, such as we have here, pat them from me.

Hotel Victoria, Oberhofen
July 11, 1926

If you will read the HOME TOWN MIND it will give you an idea as to why I have got tired of the U. S. A. and all its antics.

Have you read Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes' GENESIS OF THE GREAT WAR? It is most interesting although I think he is at bottom rather pro-German.

After you have finished it read J. Kenneth Turner's SHALL IT BE AGAIN? I am glad to think that the beginning of the war, I did not "fall" for the British propaganda promoted by the Northcliffe Press, as nearly everybody did. I think Woodrow Wilson was a calamity for U. S. A. I am reading and have read much on the subject of the Great War and it is all coming out exactly as I thought it would.

The French seem to be in a bad way. Was there ever such a fatuous, self-deluded people?

Oberhofen
July 13, 1926

I never expect to have again anything approximating to those delightful "hikes" that we had in the spring and autumn, years ago in New Jersey. There is still some of that "1911 Zeltinger" left in the cellar at Thirty-Sixth Street which we used to carry with us, but I fear it is all corked. Those were delightful days; my heart will not let me take any such long hikes, even if I came back to Morristown. I see there has been a bad explosion at Lake Denmark, but I cannot believe that it has been as bad as the "reptile press" had reported it to be.

The *Journal de Genève* reports tonight that the loss has not probably exceeded twenty persons.

July 14, 1926

I am very glad Astor's bill has been defeated in the House of Lords. The British are having troubles enough anyhow, without injecting any more women into politics. Of course Astor's bill was merely designed for the purpose of getting his wife into the "Upper House." A. seems to me to be a dreadful upstart and his wife a pestilential person. I think the British are in a bad way. They have no able men and they are, to my mind, only at the commencement of their troubles. Their great mistake was letting Edward VII mess into politics and since the war they have just drifted from bad to worse. Are you one of the people who admire Grey of Falloden? If so, read THE SECRET HISTORY OF A GREAT BETRAYAL by E. D. Morel. If you want to read a really interesting book read WILLIAM II by Ernest Ludwig, recently translated from the German.

I cannot understand the mentality of the modern female, be she old or young!

If anybody asks concerning me tell them that I am dead!

Hotel Victoria, Oberhofen
July 19, 1926

I don't like its Counsel nor its stock registrar, but then as the little Jew applicant for the job of office boy, when Beaman of Evarts, Southmayd, Choate did not think the references from Jewish law-firms were very important, replied, "Well, Mr. Beaman, we can't all be Wm. S. Evartses and Howe and Hummellses."

I fear you are continuing to answer my letters. I do not want you to do this. You are busy and I am not and it makes me unhappy to think that each time you get a letter from me, you have to "take your pen in hand" to reply to it.

At last the weather has improved and become quite fine. To offset it I am indulging in a little dentistry in Thun, which really was highly necessary, as one's teeth are not always made of granite. David Harum said, "It is good for a dog to have fleas, it helps to keep his mind off the fact that he is a dog." So I think it a good thing for me to have a little dentistry. It will keep me from being too lazy and getting too contented with my present lot.

I am glad to see that Stevens gave old Harvey of Peacham a degree. He deserved one. He is the only American that I am aware of who explained to the British public the real reasons why the U. S. A. went into the war. It is true that he may have been tipsy at the time he did so, but this does not detract from the truth of his statements.

Hotel Tirolerhof, Innsbruck
September 18, 1926

On Wednesday we motored to Erwald and Lermoss and back from Landeck. In the Visitors book of the "Drei Mohren" which is still kept by two of the Jaeger daughters, we found all family names, as of a date in August, 1890, and a few days later your and Tom's names and that of Charley and Alfred. I asked Fraulein Jaeger if she remembered the large family party which was there in 1890. She at once said "Yes" and added "Booth." We also called on Josef Posch, the guide, who is now an old man of sixty-nine. All these people were delighted to see us. Yesterday we took the beautiful railway journey to Mittenwald of which I think you have pleasant memories. I had never been there before and I was quite charmed with it.

Hotel des Balances, Luzern
September 30, 1926

I hate cold weather and you will probably ultimately hear

from me as a resident of the Island of Borneo, where one wears all the year round nothing but fig leaves and where the heat is never as dreadful as in New York. I must say as I grow older I can stand heat better than I can cold.

Oberhofen
October 17, 1926

A new terror has been added to life in France. The damned Frenchmen collect 90 centimes on all letters forwarded from other countries even if prepaid with a five-cent stamp. I don't believe it is legal.

Hotel Victoria, Lausanne
November 3, 1926

I cannot understand why the stupid Americans have this craze for sending their children here (Lausanne) to learn French. In the first place the climate is dreadful, especially in spring and autumn, and they don't speak good French here. I fear it is due to Protestant influences. Why don't they go to Montpellier or Toulouse or Perpignan in the south of France – no foreigner gets ever a perfect accent (not even that "old stuff" Myron T. Herrick) but in the south of France you get at least a little sunshine occasionally. But alas it is an R. C. country!

Grand Hotel, Nice
December 20, 1926

Christmas, with all its attendant horrors, follows us everywhere, and we cannot get rid of it.

Tell your charming lady secretaries to address all letters to me here for the present. I suppose I shall stay here until April, but I have got tired of all these international "bounders," "highrollers," "spenders," one sees on the Riviera and may not be able to stand it so long.

I see old John A. Stewart has "gone to sit beside the yellow spring." What profiteth a man to live to be so old?

Grand Hotel, Nice
January 12, 1927

I quite agree with Bernard Shaw. Mrs. Bell or no Mrs. Bell — Christmas is a horrible Pagan survival which in any intelligent world ought to be abolished. Each year I resolve that next year I will pay no attention to it, but weakly give in, thus showing the utter fatuity of the human race *vis a vis* to stupid customs. I hope, however, that B.S. will sue Will A. Page for publishing his letters. Possibly B.S. asked W.A.P. to publish them as an "ad," meanwhile I shall continue to pray for Mrs. Bell and look up philatelic novelties for her.

You have hobnobbed so long with leading realtors like Elliman, Alfred Marling and etc. that I fear you no longer know how to treat them. They ought not to be treated like dogs—no! but just a little bit in the same way. I should say to Prince that he and his client would probably find Hell in this extreme weather a rather pleasant place and if his client, on getting thoroughly warmed up there, could see his way to making an offer of $60,000 it would be somewhat more than casually considered.

I have spoken plainly but remember me kindly to Prince before his departure for Hell. I fear that he does not love me as much as he does you. That is because I have usually treated "realtors" who came to my office like "near dogs." But then what an awful fate it is to be any sort of broker. You bring the treatment upon yourself by going into that line of business.

Grand Hotel, Nice
February 9, 1927

I quite agree with Jas. M. Beck that the Senate is not con-

cerned with the machinery of election of senators. It seems to me to be purely a question for the state electing the senator. Of course if the Senate did not like his clothes or thought his moral character bad, it might act, as the Senate is a sort of a club. I never favored the election of senators. I still think they should be appointed!

When I am once in Switzerland it is hard to get me away from that really free country.

Grand Hotel, Nice
March 7, 1927

Give my love to Lydia and David and to Mrs. Bell. I hope the latter does not wear one of those hideous helmet hats that look like inverted slop jars that all the elderly ladies here wear.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
April 6, 1927

After all is it wise to live to be very old, as life is such an expensive luxury? Even in the south of Europe.

I am now engaged in acknowledging the ninety-odd congratulatory cables, letters and cards which I received, and thanks to the quiet I am enjoying here, and the "alcoholic content of the beverages" I hope to accomplish the task before I die of old age or of scrivener's paralysis.

I don't think lawyers often make suggestions to clients about legacies in wills. They ought not to, it is not ethical. But there is a notion in the lay mind that lawyers suggest most of the legacies to clients when drawing their wills.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
May 4, 1927

The British are apt to overdo things at Easter!

Somehow I cannot feel any interest in postwar Germans. They all seem so vulgar.

It took me a long time to answer those one hundred and two congratulatory communications and I am only now beginning to feel myself up to the mark.

Hotel Silvoretta, Klosters, Graubundens
July 17, 1927

I feel quite at home in this hotel! It is full of German Jews, reminding me of New York where I was born.

Eden Hotel, Kurhaus, Spiez
August 22, 1927

I hope by the time this reaches you you will have survived the terrors of your birthday.

Miss Mayo seems to have got the British Animals well stirred up and walking around in their cages, to judge by the many letters in the British newspapers and weeklies. I think she will get a rousing reception in G. B.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
May 22, 1928

I have noticed, heretofore, that there are a great many curious omissions in the Illinois law, the object of which is probably to make legitimate occupation for the Members of the Bar.

The visit from our delightful Booth cousins is now over.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
June 3, 1928

You say nothing about the number of fish you caught! Does this mean that there was merely "fishing" which is so often the case. You merely say there was "good fishing" but this is equivocal. I am so glad you had the outing and not I; give me the effete flesh pots of Europe, no prohibition, no woman suffrage and some sunshine and a comfortable bed and

you can keep your "wonderful weather, good fishing, capable guides and delightful surroundings" for yourself. I would, however, have enjoyed the society you had on your trip!

Hotel Montana, Luzern
June 12, 1928

I do not care much for this hotel. It is what the English call a "smart hotel," but I have comfortable quarters and the servants are nice people. The less said about the guests the better, particularly the British and Americans.

Hotel Eden, Zurich
July 22, 1928

I should love to have pictures of the "Kirkbride Follies" and just now with the extreme heat it might be cooling to see them in bathing suits.

Pension Villa Albris, Pontresina
August 29, 1928

Of course I do not know Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sullivan, as I have been so many years, socially and otherwise, dead. I can afford to be, as I was born 71 years ago on Manhattan Island and when I am unfortunate enough to be there, I sleep every night in the bed in which I was born. Can you beat that!

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
November 5, 1928

Ought I not to return the pictures of the Kirkbride Follies? Suppose I should die and these pictures were found among my effects, it might embarrass the ladies.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
November 25, 1928

Well! The election is all over — Mr. Hoover has been

elected and Governor Smith has been defeated. I should have voted for Governor Smith had I been at home. But I knew he had not a ghost of a show, as his religion "queered" him. Franklin Roosevelt, a Protestant, was elected Governor of New York and Governor Smith was turned down, that tells the whole tale.

I think the thought of forty College Presidents coming to help at the inauguration of President Davis is too awful to reflect on. Among them must be some who could well be dispensed with. Why not get a machine gun and try to mow some of them down on the sly!

This last "Folly" you sent me seems very "dressy" compared to the others. I think I prefer the girl with the spectacles. You forgot to write her name on the back of the snapshot.

Belmont Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon

I do not like England, nor do I like most of the English and I must say I regard the time thus far spent here as an affliction.

I have discovered that every solvent Englishman leaves his home for about a week, at Christmas and Easter, and usually goes to an hotel. I have never understood why this is for I should prefer to be in my own home at such times rather than in a crowded hotel. But the English are a strange race. I used to annoy Aunt Lydia very much by saying: "The English and the Americans have nothing in common except the language and that is different!" Absolutely true.

The "Kurgäste" seem to be mostly elderly females, who have their own private dogs, which they take walking most of the time on the Esplanade. Add to these the local dogs, and there is a dog population entirely out of proportion to the size of the place! There are a few presentable cats, but they do not show themselves much, in order not to come in contact with

the visiting dogs. With the local "hell hounds" they seem to live in peace and on good terms. The season is said thus far to be below the normal. How many dogs a normal season would bring with it I leave to you to guess!

The November "Social Register" came on Friday and I have been looking it over to see if there were "any nice deaths," as the old lady said!

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
January 21, 1929

There is nothing to report about myself save that I lead a life of "masterly inactivity."

I always hold a bond to maturity. One loses by it, but one saves in income tax – and one saves a lot of bother. I have never tried to make money in the market but I have bought certain things which I thought would go up in value. But I have never bought a share of stock on margin.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
February 6, 1929

I wish a few more Americans than Mr. Glasgow could appreciate the real situation in G. B. I wonder whether your Mr. Hoover can? Is he not merely an "efficiency" engineer, not a statesman? A friend of mine once rode in the elevator of a big Pittsburgh hotel. Two commercial men stood behind him. He heard, or claims to have heard, one say to the other, "My notion of an efficiency expert is a man who can buy something from a Jew and sell it to a Scotchman, and make a profit!"

Well, having written you a letter now and defied you I think I had better stop and go to bed, which is the only place where one can keep really warm.

Great Britain is no longer governed. It just drifts.

Hotel Eden, Zurich
May 9, 1929

I am always afraid of skinny women.

1929

Charles Engel, although he had been thirty-six years with C. and W. and their successors has never acquired a very active sense of humor and I do not want him to. But he says many unique things and is certainly a character. I discovered him and brought him into the office. If he dies I shall have to die too!

1929

Kiss all the "Kirkbride Follies" for me.

Hotel Victoria, Lausanne
May 20, 1929

I have continued to pay my dues at the "Century" because it is a tradition in my family that any one of the family who is a member of the "Century" must die a member, otherwise I should have long since resigned.

County Hotel, Carlisle
June 25, 1929

I visited Grantown again after fifty years.

Hotel Royal St. Georges, Interlaken
September 30, 1929

I have some wonderful ancient European stamps! I have Europe up to 1900 nearly complete.

Goring Hotel, London
January 22, 1931

I am not surprised that the British are occasionally "grouchy." Who could live in such a climate and not be. I am glad to be able to leave this Fog Island behind me.

Schloss Hotel, Velden, Carinthia
May 15, 1931

Financial conditions in U. S. A. seem to me to be dreadful. It looks to me as if the Capitalistic system were on its last legs. Nobody seems to have any confidence in it. I think the world is going "Socialistic," but I hope it won't come during my lifetime.

Did you ever know that after the Armistice and before the treaty of peace was signed, the Serbs tried to grab Carinthia? I never did until the other day. The local people repulsed them and it was not until the Allies sent the Boundary Commission here, that they finally desisted. There are here, in Villach and Klagenfurt, monuments to the memory of the men who fell in these engagements. One historian says they were mostly southern Serbs who were sent here. How little our newspapers told us of what was happening in the world!

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
December 27, 1931

I have no confidence in the men who are running the U. S. A. They all seem to me incompetents. What can you expect from a country where the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate has never been out of U. S. A. and can read no book in a foreign language, much less speak one.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno
April 21, 1932

I have nothing to report. I have just stewed in my juice all winter and have been bored almost to death.

The Swedish people have got themselves into a rather unpleasant position in the public eye. Kreuger and that young prince seem to have enjoyed the spotlight while it lasted! Why should a Bernadotte put on airs anyhow? They are

merely the descendants of an old French soldier, who was forced upon them by the greatest of modern adventurers.

I don't think U. S. A. will pull through! The east and northwest may, but it will have to throw off the incubus of the south, middle west and Pacific states. Congress as it is at present constituted ought to be put in an insane asylum! I hope your Mr. Roosevelt will not get the Democratic nomination! I do not like anybody by the name of Roosevelt.

Europe is effete and is getting effeter. I am glad I am old, and that for me it will all soon be over.

Hotel Balances, Luzern
October 16, 1932

I believe the Democrats are too ignorant to govern, but Jimmy Walker certainly is entertaining. I think he was quite good enough to be Mayor of New York. As Balzac said, "Every community gets the government it deserves."

I am about what can be expected from a diabetic aged seventy-five and a man with failing eyesight with wheezing in my bronchies "Piping and whistling in my sound" as Shakespeare said, and two sore great toes! I am expecting a new ailment every day.

Hotel Balances, Luzern
October 16, 1932

I am glad you are cheerful, I am not. I think it will be about 1939 before prosperity comes back!

By the way, have you read PROSPERITY, MYTH AND REALITY IN AMERICAN LIFE, by Professor M. J. Born? It is well worth reading. I gave Alfred a copy and he was much impressed by it. It put things to him in a new light.

Remember me to Mrs. Bell notwithstanding her ill-advised letters about my returning to U. S. A.

Hotel de Venise, Mentone
April 18, 1933

Many thanks for your belated congratulations. (I fear you do not sleep with the Butler book under your pillow at night).

I have survived the horrors of my birthday and I am doing, thank you, fairly well for a man whose dividends are defaulting one by one.

These are the short and simple annals of the poor.

Hotel Quillenhof, Ragaz
May 23, 1934

Switzerland has been ruined by motors, cinemas, strand baths, sport, radios and telephones. It is no longer what it was when we were young! All modern inventions have been too much for the Swiss character and temperament; they are a simple mountains' folk that cannot come in contact with modern inventions without becoming demoralized.

Oberhofen
October 17, 1926

"And having said these things he went away."

This tribute to the memory of
WILLARD PARKER BUTLER
has been printed for private circulation. The edition is limited to 175 copies, of which this copy is Number 158

F. B. K.
O. C. W.